

## Large Noses and Success

NAPOLEON said if he could have officers enough with the right sort of noses he would conquer the world. One authority claims it is a big-nosed people who rise in the world, citing Lincoln and Washington.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the first arrival in America, in 1850, of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," and one of the greatest soprano singers in the whole history of music. She sang in Castle Garden.

# The Stranger

## A Thrilling Drama of Complex Situations

### By John Goodman

#### Justice Grapples With Infamy, Portraying Master Rascality, and Love of Fair Women and Brave Men

The crew of the skiff, who had hauled their dripping musician on board, hesitated, and then moved dimly away. Emma Clegg—who was the red-haired girl— anxiously shouted something that did not reach the ears of Joan. And Joan herself was taken by the arm and led, protesting and still dazed, into the interior of the houseboat.

"The first thing you need," said Joan's guide—a remarkably pretty girl, with mischievous gray-blue eyes, "is a hot bath. Here you are. I'll find you some clothes. Not a word till you come out again. And don't thank me!"

Joan found herself pushed into a small but luxurious bath room. "Where in the world have I got to?" said Joan feebly, as the door closed behind her.

She stood for some moments dripping river water onto the snowy floor gratings. It was as though she had dived through the amber depths of the Thames and emerged into another world. The most amazing thing of all was that Philip Mottisfont was her rescuer—the fairy prince who had brought her among these marvels. Joan's wet cheeks colored faintly and her pulse beat quicker. Gone was the noisy crew of the skiff, the terrible admiration of Alf Blodmore with his conch.

The soothing splash of hot water in the bath called her to herself.

Ten minutes later Joan, in a soft bath wrap she found on the door, emerged into the passage. She was met by her laughing guide, Eileen Kinloch, who took her to a charming sleeping cabin, gay with flowers, where stood a smart lady's maid.

"We are much of a size," said Eileen, "and I think my kit will fit you."

"How kind you are," said Joan

timidly; and then she saw the things laid out on the lace coverlet of the bed. Her eyes opened wide and she gave a small gasp.

"Oh, I could not put on these," she said, almost with awe. "I'm afraid they're not very suitable," said Eileen apologetically, "but it's the only spare kit I've got here. You must make the best of it. Celeste," she said to the maid, "you will do everything possible for Miss—er—Miss Ayre, and take great pains with her hair."

"Very good, m'lady," said the maid.

Lady Eileen Kinloch left the room, smiling with mischievous amusement. Joan, still uncertain what to do, stood where she was and sipped dazedly at some China tea in a Sevres cup that was handed to her. Then the deft fingers of the maid began to busy themselves about her unresisting figure.

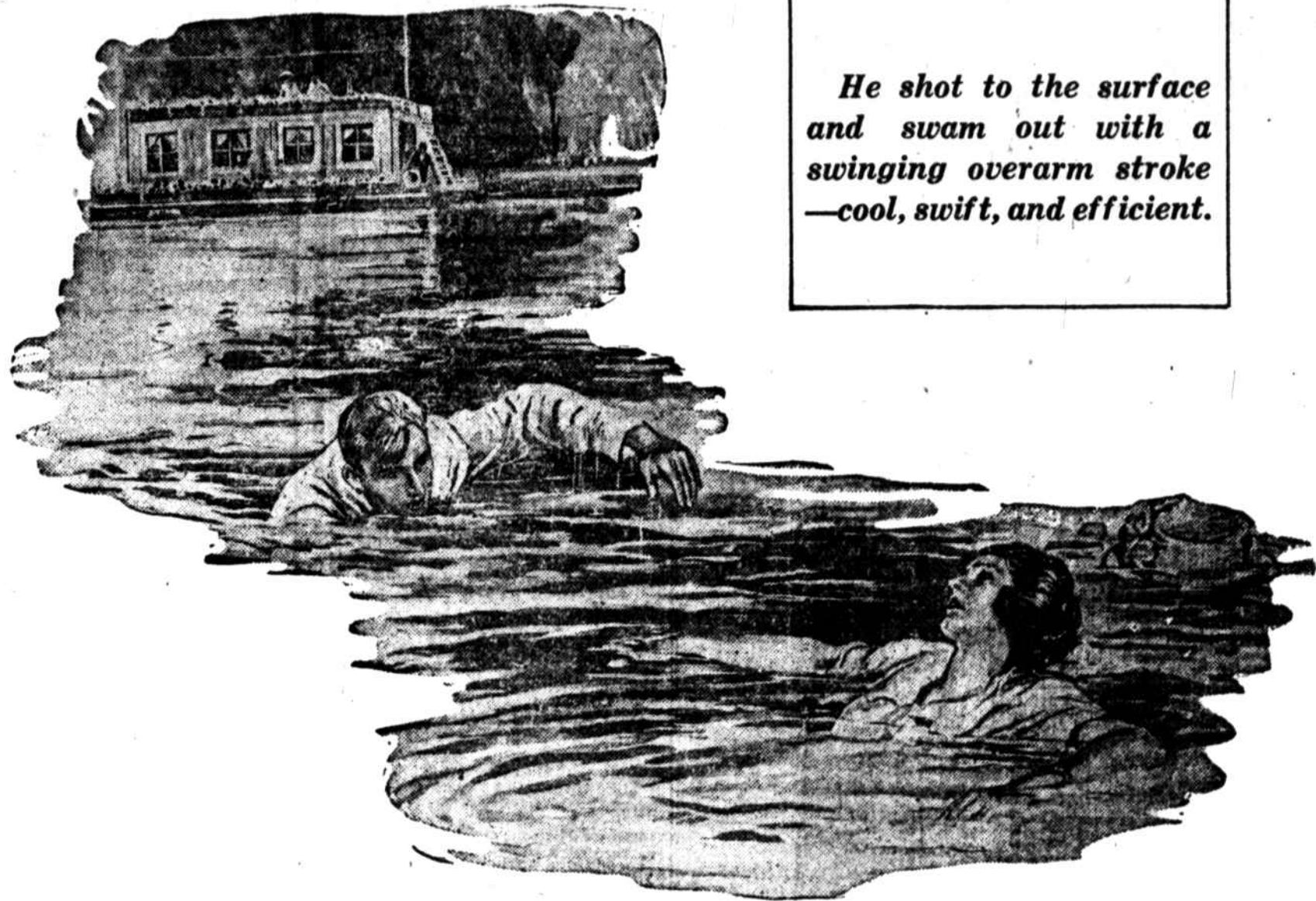
Joan felt as though she had strayed into the Arabian Nights.

Philip Mottisfont, escaping from the chaff of his companions on deck, made for the men's bathroom, dried himself, and went to his room to dress. He, also, could hardly realize what had happened.

"Joan Ayre, of all girls living," he said to himself, "carted into the river like a sack of potatoes—and I've brought her here! Right into the middle of us all. Am I glad or sorry? It ought to be a cure for me!"

He picked up a stud. "She'll be a fish out of water here, in more senses than one. I hope the women will be decent to her. What wonderful eyes the girl has! They make a man's heart beat. They make him—"

He straightened himself suddenly.



He shot to the surface and swam out with a swinging overarm stroke—cool, swift, and efficient.

"Philip, my son, don't make a fool of yourself," he said, and his mouth grew hard. "You've made one bad break already."

Outside his profession of the bar, Philip was a deliberate and luxurious person. He spent some forty minutes on his toilet, a little reluctant, perhaps, to face the comments of his companions on deck. At last he joined them, cool, self-possessed and debonaire.

The twilight was closing down. Strings of little, soft-colored fairy lights were lit along the rails and

twined among the flowers with charming effect. Everyone was on deck but Eileen.

"Philip," said good-natured Lady Dunluce, "you have charmed us all! A Sunday newspaper romance at our very doorstep!"

"Absolutely priceless!" exclaimed young Douglas Blair. "Just when we were all feeling so dull, old chap!"

The Honorable Hilda Detchmere turned her hard, handsome features and intolerant dark eyes on

Mottisfont with an air of proprietorship.

"Did you say you knew this young person?" she asked, in a commanding voice.

"I know her professionally," replied Philip easily. "She is the best typist in London—employed in Tallis street."

"A typing office," said Hilda grimly. "I should have imagined from her behavior and her companions that it was a jam factory."

"I thought her rather a nice

little thing for her class," said Lady Dunluce amiably. "By the way, did any of you notice her hands?"

Hilda Detchmere stared. "They were the hands," said Lady Dunluce, "of a gentlewoman." She turned as a dainty figure came along the deck and raised her lorgnette. "Whom have we here? Is it our dear Eileen at last?"

The company turned also, and a sudden silence fell on them—a silence of complete amazement.

#### A Gripping and Imaginative Story of Mystery, Lure and Intrigue, Touching Every Phase of Human Glory.

Philip stood up, feeling as though he had received an electric shock. He found himself facing the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

The vision that presented itself to him was slender, above the middle height, extraordinarily graceful and dignified. The oval face, the charm and beauty of the features, were framed by a mass of bright brown hair, exquisitely arranged and waved. She looked the best-bred woman in the party. A glorious Worth frock, of expensive simplicity, did honor to its wearer. For a moment the company stared, dumbfounded.

It was Joan Ayre, the little typist of Temple Chambers.

#### CHAPTER V. Borrowed Plumes.

Joan, during that moment of general surprise, alone remained perfectly self-possessed. She advanced, and, with a charming smile and the faintest possible flush, gave her hand to Mottisfont.

"I did not thank you properly for what you did for me," she said. "I felt so damp and stupid."

"I shall feel damp and stupid, too," said Philip, "if you thank me any more. I only conferred a benefit on everybody here by lifting you out of five feet of water. By the way, Miss Ayre, this is your hostess—Lady Dunluce."

"How kind you have been!" said Joan, taking that good-natured lady's hand. "I must not be a nuisance. As soon as my clothes are dry—"

"My dear," said Lady Dunluce, laying a hand on her shoulder. "You are not going to escape us like that. You have brought us romance. I adore romance! Put clothes out of your head. You will dine with us, won't you? There's

the gong! Come along, good people."

She turned and led the way in. "How perfectly astounding," she murmured to Douglas Blair, who was at her elbow. "A transformation! You remember," she added, "what I said about her hands?"

The invitation to dine was to Joan the culminating impossibility of this afternoon of wonders. There were no words for it. Yet she felt that to hesitate and make excuses would be underbred. All things seemed to follow so naturally here. A timid glow of happiness flushed through her. She glanced at Mottisfont; he was looking curiously happy, too; the frankest respect and admiration were in his eyes. Lady Eileen Kinloch broke in with a little sigh.

"I never knew how well that Worth frock could look," she said. "I feel quite proud of it!"

Hilda Detchmere stared at Joan from under her half-closed eyelids.

"You carry clothes rather well," he said suavely. "I should advise you to give up typing and adopt the profession of dressmaker's mannequin."

Joan gave no sign of having heard this, but walked unconcernedly in before Mottisfont, a slight tinge of pink mounting behind her ears. Philip, however, turned suddenly and came back.

"Hilda!" he said quietly.

"Well?" said the Honorable Hilda Detchmere.

"You pride yourself, I believe, on a cutting tongue," he said, looking her straight in the eyes. "It may be an asset to a barrister. It is a poisonous thing in a woman." He turned on his heel without another word. A dark, angry flush spread over Miss Detchmere's cheeks.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

### HOW TO ATTAIN A FULL ROUNDED THROAT.

By Lucretia Bori.  
A Member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Admired for Her Beauty as Well as Her Art.

What can I do to round out my throat and gain the lovely curves that are so much admired?

Many women ask me this question. A throat with a beautiful contour is a joy to look upon, and is always envied and admired by less fortunate persons who do not own such an asset.

And, strange to say, many women who are angular in build possess a throat which is well rounded and devoid of hollows, while other women who have every claim to a smooth throat have unattractive necks which they long to fill out.

The neck nowadays is just as conspicuous in the daytime as it is at night, for fashion dictates the more or less straight-across neckline for both daytime and evening frocks.

As this fashion does not seem inclined to change, the only solution to the problem is to build up your neck to suit the mode of the day. And, anyway, there's great satisfaction in having a neck lovely enough to stand the closest scrutiny.

Here is an exercise which is more like play than work, and if you enter into it on this basis you will find it amusing as well as invigorating.

First of all, procure a feather. The small, white kind that you can extract from your pillow is best.

Throw your head back, hold the feather in front of your mouth and blow it up into the air.

Now, the whole exercise is to keep the feather in the air, far enough above your head so that you have to keep your head thrown back while you are blowing it upward.

Carry on this exercise for about ten minutes in the morning, and ten minutes again at night.

Some women practice it with an imaginary feather. I advise using a real feather—because the joy of real pursuit is half the incentive. You may often be unable to prevent the feather from getting away and drifting to the ground, but this only makes the game more exciting.

In time you should see the hollow at the base of your throat fill out until it is no longer an unattractive cavity. The lesser hollows around it, too, will gain in plumpness in a way that will make for a throat of lovely contour.

This exercise will also strengthen your neck and make its muscles firm and less prone to sag.

There is a certain line which is among the first to give away a woman's age. This is the line from the base of her ear down her neck. By giving your neck exercise which prevents the forming of this tell-tale line you will preserve your youth and beauty.

## Vitamines

Sharply criticizing some recent generalizations made in reports about vitamins and the perils that diets improperly balanced in regard to them may bring to mankind, H. H. Mitchell of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, writes in Science that these statements are not based upon any evidence and are unworthy of credence.

As a matter of fact, the known vitamins are found in such a multiplicity of foods that there is little danger of any one whose diet is ordinarily varied ever lacking enough of any of them to do him any harm.

The real danger is that a distorted popular conception of vitamins may result in the perpetration of a gigantic fraud upon the American public.



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## THE WRITING NOOK

By Loretta C. Lynch.

An Acknowledged Expert In All Matters Pertaining to Household Management.

FOLKS have often lost some of the most desirable friends because during an absence either or both have failed to correspond, and to the folks who have encountered really friendly people during their summer vacations let me say that the way to keep in touch with these folks, the way to come to know them better, is by exchanging letters.

In every home there should be a letter writing nook. Even if it is portable or temporary, I believe it should exist. The housewife can do much to encourage the art of letter writing. A table with a drawer will do if one cannot have a desk, but the furniture shops are showing such good desks at such little prices.

Choose a corner in some one of the rooms. If it is not adequately lighted arrange to have a lamp—electric or otherwise—conveniently placed on the desk. A chair of convenient height should be at the desk.

The shops have most adorable desk sets. One I saw recently was made of hammered brass. There were ends or corners of the brass for an all-over blotter. There was a brass ink well, a pen tray, hand blotter with brass back and a little hinged top box for stamps.

There are other sets in glass, both plain and colored.

A well-equipped writing nook has always plenty of writing paper and envelopes. Many of the shops will print or engrave your name and address on paper and envelopes for a very small sum. This is advisable where the address is a permanent one.

The desk should be equipped with a couple of pens that work, some good, free-flowing ink, and there should be stamps in the box and extra pen points, pencils, blotters and so on in the drawer.

At this desk, too, the housewife may write up her purchases and keep track of her expenditures.

Try providing a writing nook somewhere in the home and watch the family write.

## Lovelorn Advice

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Not Necessary.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I would like to know, when a fellow takes the girl that he has been seeing quite steady to a party, where there are many other girls and fellows, and there are kissing games played, if it is proper to join in and kiss the other fellows without your friend's consent? BEBE.

DID he ask you for your consent to kiss the girls? It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. I don't believe asking each other's consent was necessary. When you joined the game you both knew what to expect. There's nothing to raise a fuss about.

## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

BOYS THRIVE BEST IN THE SMALL TOWN

By Dr. Wm. McKeever.

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

FIVE middle-aged men, brothers, and all successful bankers, were reared in a little shack on the prairie.

Ten men and women, brothers and sisters ranging in age from twenty-four to forty and making a highly creditable showing in life—these were born and partly reared in a slum district.

A little struggling village of less than a thousand souls has produced three Congressmen, one brilliant writer, one highly successful lawyer and three State officials and men of affairs.

The country school ranking highest among a hundred of its class is conducted in a sod building in one of the Dakotas. Here the children have physical training, industrial practice, directed play and lessons in loyalty—all managed by a twenty-two-year-old girl teacher.

The most effective play direction and social center work being done for the young—as observed during a recent 5,000-mile trip along the cities—was conducted in and around a big unpainted shed which once served for a lumber yard.

Thus the evidence might be accumulated thick and fast to show that the most valuable training of the child is not dependent upon wealth, high-priced equipment, and shielded advantages, but that these richer things sometimes stand in the way of their diligence and progress.

It is method rather than money which contributes most to the character of the growing personality. The situations specified above guarantee two most important factors of training: first, an abundance of health-giving, stamina-building employment; second, a significant amount of safeguarding of the morals and spiritual well-being. These two factors, strictly applied, will suffice to make valuable citizens out of 95 per cent of the common childhood born among us.

Well-to-do parents everywhere recognize the significance of humble surroundings, self-denial, industrial discipline, thrift, and moral guardianship for their young, but many of them are powerless to put such a desirable program of training into effect. They confess a deep concern about the matter.

It is my belief that some radical and heroic measures must be resorted to in order to put the five forces just named into successful operation.

Unless they are ready to see their own—perhaps too much pampered and shielded—outdistanced in the life course by many of the "humble little slummers," as some call the children of the poor, parents possessing wealth and all the means of an easy existence must at times deliberately shove their growing young into certain "hard and humble" lives.

Character cannot be bought and put on as a garment. It can only be grown, out of the muscles, the mind, the heart of him who is to possess it. And humble industrial discipline is a part of the necessary raw material.

A piece of tin four inches wide and ten inches long to slip along the top of the board to prevent the oil from getting on the wall paper.

Don't pay a man to come and clean the piano. Instead remove the bag from the vacuum cleaner and in its place attach the tube used for the attachments. Remove the front of the piano, turn on the current, and by a process of blowing, instead of suction, the dust is soon gone. The keys do not need to be removed to clean under them, but run the end of the tube over them until the dust is blown out.

Coffee grounds make a pin-cushion that does not pack down or rust the needles and pins.

A skirt that is shiny at the back may sometimes be improved by applying ammonia and water and by pressing a hot iron on the wrong side of the material. When a garment is very shabby the nap may be raised by rubbing it very carefully with fine emery paper. This should be done very gently, so that an impression is made only on the surface of the material.

Add vinegar to the water in which table glasses are rinsed. It will give an extra brilliance to the polish.

## The Young Mother.

THE ILLS OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN should be so well known to the

youngest of mothers that a reminder or a repetition of the symptoms of illness seems unnecessary, yet there are some mothers who overlook a feverish condition, a little colic, or a disposition to be irritable. If not corrected they may lead to serious sickness. And to correct them, to bring Baby back to its happy self, is so easy by the use of Castoria—a medicine prepared just for infants and children.

It will regulate the bowels (not force them), aid digestion and so bring quiet and rest. Fletcher's Castoria has been doing this for over 30 years; regulating the stomach and bowels of infants and children. It has replaced the nauseating Castor Oil, so-called Soothing Syrups, poisonous Paregoric and other vicious concoctions in the homes of true and honest mothers—mothers who love their children.

Those mothers will give their babies foods and medicines especially prepared for infants and children.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

A Word About Truth.

"Great is Truth, and mighty above all things." So says the Old Testament, yet it is equally true to-day. Truth shows no favors, fears no enemies.

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And you! Mothers, mothers with the fate of the World in your hands, can you be deceived? Certainly not.

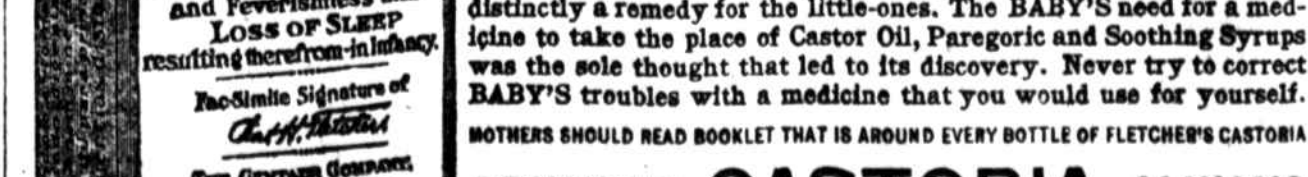
Fletcher's Castoria is prepared for Infants and Children. It is distinctly a remedy for the little ones. The BABY'S need for a medicine to take the place of Castor Oil, Paregoric and Soothing Syrups was the sole thought that led to its discovery. Never try to correct BABY'S troubles with a medicine that you would use for yourself.

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